

A Caveat for Young-men, OR, The Bad Husband turned Thrifty.

This Caveat may serve both for Old and Young,
For to remember that Old Age will come,
If you these Verses do but mind and read,
I hope hereafter you will take better heed,
This song it was set forth and pend,
On purpose that bad Husbands should amend,
Therefore bad Husbands mend your lives,
And be more kinder to your Wives.

To the Tune of, *High Ho my Heny.*



All you young Wanting Blades
that spends your time in vain,
Remember that old age,
you cannot it refrain,
And while that you are young
this caveat take of me,
Be ruled by no tempting tongue,
to bring you to poverty.
I have been a bad Husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold,
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am
to keep me when I am old. (young,

I had good store of means,
and I liv'd in all gallantly,
But set upon Whores and Queans,
I spent it by and by
My House the was full of laughter,
so long as I had money and store,
But my children must drink fair Water,
whilst I in the Ale-house roar,
I have been, &c.

My Wife would me treat,
the Ale-house to refrain,
When I with anger treat,
made answer straight again,
If you begin to scold,
then I shall bang your coat,
What Woman her tongue can hold,
then a man swallows all down his throat
I have been, &c.

My children and I may sit,
until we starve and pine,
Whilst you your grts fill get,
of Tobacco, Beer and Wine,
Half that you spend in bein,
and mearl throw away,
Our family would maintain,
and our House Rent it would pay,
I have been, &c.

But yet I do not be rul'd,
by these words the hid say,
My self I often sold,
which brought me to decay:
I nosoner had sold a Cow,
but straight to the Ale-house I run,
My Hosts unto me would bow,
until all my money was gone,
I have been, &c.

Shed chock me under the chin
and perhaps give me a kiss,
As Venus drew Adonis in,
my Hosts shew never miss,
Shed tell me it was too early,
or else it was too late,
Whilst by the Dr. let Barber,
ther had gotten my whole estate,
I have been a bad Husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold,
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The second part to the same Tune



Thus day and night I ranted,
and no company did refuse,
Whilst my Wife and children wanted,
I did myself abuse,
I could not scarce afford,
my children cloaths to rear,
For my Wife one good word,
such as her greivous care,
I have been a bad Husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold,
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am
to keep me when I am old. (young,

The more my wife did speak,
the worse I would be,
I'de drink till my brayns did ake,
or else to anger she,
So long as I had a penny,
I'de never give out for gaine,
But since I have found many,
a good fellows a colde name:
I have been, &c.

At last I did perceibe,
my state was almost gone,
When it was time to leabe,
and some words I thought upon,
I went unto an Ale-house,
where all my quoin I do find
In company with good fellows,
I had pent a hundred pounes,
I have been, &c.

I then these words replied,
Whose moneys I have none,
A flagon she me denred,
and bid me straight be gone,
What wilt thou not trust me a flagon,
these words replied I,
So quoth she not a flaggins
if thou should starve and die.
I have been, &c.

I then went sitting home,
and a bow straight way did make,
They should sit whilst day it dawns,
before one penny of me should take,
I a new life will now begin,
the Alewives shall sit like elves,
They shall both Card and Spin,
or else go hang themselves,
I have been, &c.

Now I all men advise,
this I beate think upon,
Be ruled by your Alewives,
for Old age it will come,
If they know you have money,
the Alewives with you will crack,
They'll suck you as bees suck honey,
then hang you behind your back,
I have been, &c.

Therefore in time be ruled,
save something whilst you have it,
Be no Alewives be not fooled,
and then repent too late,
For when that all is gone,
and you have but little stock,
If to the Alewives you make moan,
they will you but fear and mock,
I have been a bad Husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold,
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am
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FINIS.

By John Wade.

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